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Then calling his little favourite Mona to his knee, at his command she sang a very comic song, which he rewarded with a kiss; then putting her hand in that of Edmond, he bade her shew his friends how she could dance; the ever ready musician instantly struck up a lively tune, and the night concluded with a general and hearty dance. Edmond declared next morning that it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent; and as he journeyed away, and described the castle from an eminence, waving his hand, he cried, "Adieu, Clandonell, but not, I hope, for ever." O More looked at him and smiled. They proceeded a considerable time in silence, Edmond ruminating on the charms of female society, to which he had been hitherto unaccustomed—O More wrapped in meditation.

* * * * *

At length they reached the chamber of audience, which was crowded; and as they entered, a scene of magnificence burst upon their view, at once so new, and so imposing to the eyes of Edmond, that for a moment he involuntarily shrunk back; the Queen was seated on her throne, blazing in jewels, surrounded by her ladies and principal officers of state, all gorgeously attired. She had been receiving the ambassadors of foreign courts, and seemed in high good humour, affably bestowing some mark of attention on every one around her; when a gentleman, having addressed something to her in a low voice, a glance of her quick penetrating eye rested for a moment on Edmond and his companion, when turning to a lady who stood beside her, she said in no very suppressed tone, "Fore heaven, Hansdon, those Irish are a comely race—beshrew me, if this surpasseth not O'Neill."

The lady gave an assenting smile, as her eye glanced in the same direction; and at the same instant, Sir Charles, with his Irish friend, advanced, and with the usual ceremony were presented. Edmond, gracefully bending the knee, and bowing his head in the most profound obeisance, then ventured to raise his eyes to the august personage, as he said—

"Royal Elizabeth—most gracious lady—vouchsafe to hear the story of my wrongs."

"You may forbear, Sir Eman," said she—"is not that your name?"

"In my own country, so please your majesty," he replied, "I am so called. In English my name is Edmond."

"Well, Sir Edmond," returned the Queen, "you may forbear the recital—already do we know what you have suffered, as well as the fair object of your love, and, trust me, it goes not unrevenge. Yon traitor, whom they call Fitz John, false both to us and you, has felt, ere this time, the weight of our displeasure; and for that castle—that den of murder—we have fixed its doom. To you, our trusty Merton, we commit the charge of seeing our sentence executed. Hie thee back to Ireland with what speed you may, and see you leave not one stone of it upon another—destroy—demolish—raze it to the earth. So fare you well."

Then extending her hand to each, they kissed it, and retired.

"THE LAST LINKS."

The last links are broken
That bound me to thee;
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.
That bright glance, misleading,
On others may shine—
Those eyes smil'd, unheeding,
When tears burst from mine.
If my love was deem'd boldness,
That error is o'er—
I've witness'd thy coldness,
And prize thee no more.
Oh! I have not lov'd lightly—
I'll think on thee yet—
I'll pray for thee nightly
Till life's sun has set.
Our feelings, though deep,
May be blunted at last,

And our eyes cease to weep
O'er the present or past.
The chain that enthral'd me
In secret was worn—
The coldness that gall'd me
In silence was borne.
Though my sorrow subdued me,
It did not appear;
Though thy frown has pursued me,
Long, long wert thou dear.
Yet the form my heart cherished
Still in it shall dwell,
Though affection has perished,
And love sighed—Farewell!

TO TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WERE USELESS AND VAIN.

Air—"Believe me, of all those endearing young charms,"

To tell you I love you were useless and vain,
I have told it too often before,
So I will not disturb you by breathing again
A feeling you've cherish'd of yore.

You are chang'd, it would seem. Yes, the heart that
once flow'd
With emotions the purest, is still—
A heart that affection most warmly glow'd,
Oh, alas! is now cold to its thrill.

Yet, I will not upbraid you, thus chang'd tho' you be—
No, nor deem you deceitful or base;
You are free—and those smiles so oft given to me,
For ever from mem'ry efface.

Did you change to another, it were not so bad
As thus careless and callous to prove:
Revenge might then fire, and the heart, now so sad,
Could—aye, hate what it's doom'd for to love.

Then, farewell!—oh, farewell!—ne'er again through
the grove,
By the fountain's soft murmuring rill,
While the sun in his glory shines brightly above,
Shall I rove with the maid of Larch Hill.

Even though I there muse in the calmness of eve,
'Twas the haunt of my boyhood's bright day,
As, perchance, 'twill my feverish spirit relieve
To see nature in sombrous array.

Kilkenny.

C. M. C.

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

It may afford some idea of the numbers of the relics of ancient days at present scattered over Ireland, to mention, that the following are in the collection of one gentleman in the vicinity of Newry, mostly discovered and collected by himself:—

- 72 Sicilious arrow heads.
- 20 Ditto, rude.
- 40 Medals.
- 60 Decades and beads.
- 45 Amulets, rude.
- 2 Ditto, scented.
- 12 Urns and cups, containing calcined bones, arrow heads, &c. mostly perfect.
- 20 Stone hatchets, from 2 to 9 inches long.
- 9 Brazen spears.
- 18 Ditto Hatchets.
- 10 Celts.
- 1 Censor pan.

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